Sunday Oregonian August 12, 1900

Recollections of an Oregon Pioneer of the Lafayette No. 3 Flag hand made and presented to the Masonic Lodge for the 1854 July 4th celebration.

Johnny J. Edwards

Past Master Union No. 3

Grand Historian 2022-2023

ood natural abilities, he was
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Two Others.

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glowing eulogy by saying of
"Of whom the world was not

by saying, that to the pioneer
of Oregon, the state owes its
of gratitude and honor. They

WOMEN IN PIONEER DAYS

BRAVE PARTS THEY PLAYED HERE IN THE FORMATIVE ERA.

Patiently Bore Isolation and Privation, Meeting All Trials With Unbending Fortitude.

Having been asked to define or describe "Woman's Station in Pioneer Days," I intuitively, after the manner of woman, respond: Woman's station in pioneer days was that of the true woman in all times and conditions. Faithfulness to duty, unselfish devotion to the interests of the family; loyal support of patriotic and religious interests and primitive church institutions; prompt to answer the call of neighborhood needs, ready, in brief, for the duty that lay nearest. Woman filled her station in the pioneer era as she has filled it in all eras of the world's progress, helpfully, cheerfully and with daily widening purpose.

Coming down to detail, however, I find the storehouse of memory full of incidents that can readily be offered in support of the assumption that woman's place in pioneer life—in what, in these days, we term "state building"—was one of specific, as well as of general importance. In evidence of woman's patriotism and of her artistic, as well as material, manner of expressing it, in the good old days, I recall the celebration of the Fourth of July, at La Fayette, Yamhill County, in 1854.

Some weeks before, the women of the

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waiting boat, closely foll
husband, rifle in hand, seek
the blockhouse—the pioneer
same heroic figure—the sa
during, uncomplaining pers

I'm sure we've seen no pict
In the volumes anywhere
Of a tall, athetic woman,
With long and streaming ha
Going out against the redski

So I close by saying, that to the pioneer ministers of Oregon, the state owes its largest debt of gratitude and honor. They were the first of all the builders of empire here. As men they were among the noblest. As public benefactors they were the chiefest, leaving, if not marble shafts and sculptured tombs, to perpetuate their memory, halls of learning and open temples of worship, and all that crowns our civilization with glory as the results of their lives.

As orators, they led the strains of eloquent speech on all lofty platforms and in all assemblies. As citizens, none have been more patriotic, none more true to country, in peace or in war.

"Let us honor the hero—the old pioneer;
On his brow let a chaplet be laid."

H. K. HINES.

MONSTERS MADE TO ORDER

Chinese Transform Men Into Beasts and Frightful Freaks.

From time to time the Chinese authorities, by official proclamation, warn the people of the country against child-thieves. In Europe, children are often stolen by strolling mountebanks, who, by a disjointing process, make them supple and expert. In China, monsters are often made of them.

To transfer a man into a beast would at first seem to be impossible. It is accomplished, however, by the Chinese, to whom nothing seems to be unknown. The skin is removed in small particles from the entire surface of the body, and to the bleeding part bits of the hide of living animals, bears and dogs usually are applied. The operation requires years for its full accomplishment. After the person has had his skin completely changed and becomes a man-bear or a man-dog, he is made mute to complete the illusion, and also to deprive him of the means of informing the public he is intended to amuse of his long torture.

A Chinese journal, the Hupao, prints a description of one of these human animals exhibited in the Kiangsi. His entire body was covered with dogskin. He stood erect, although sometimes the feet are so mutilated that the beast is forced to walk on all fours, could utter articulate sounds, rise and sit down, in short, make the gestures of any human being.

Could Write.

A Mandarin, who heard of this monstrosity, had him brought to his palace, where his hairy skin and bestial appearance caused quite as much terror as surprise. Upon being asked if he was a

...Fourth of July, at La Fayette, Yamhill County, in 1854.

Some weeks before, the women of the village, under the leadership of Mrs. A. R. Burbank, still, with her honored husband, a resident of that old pioneer town, engaged to make a flag and present it, through the orator of the day, the late Hon. Amory Holbrook, to the Masonic lodge of that place.

A Pioneer Flag.

The beauty of the banner, as it was given to the breeze, with eloquent, patriotic and appreciative words, stirred the latent spark of patriotism in the hearts of all present, and which kindled into a glow of entthusiasm, as the speaker concluded, that rent a shout in unison from the lips of the motley little host. The flag was a handsome one, and as fine a sample of "hand sewing" as our grandmothers could have desired. Whether still in the possession of the Masonic lodge at La Fayette, I am unable to say, but my impression is that it was lost by fire, with other effects of the lodge, some years ago.

Following the oration and the presentation of the flag, came an invitation to a public dinner. Rude, improvised tables were set in the grove; cherished linens from grandmother's looms, that had been brought by ox-team express across the plains, covered the unsightly boards; sprigs of fir and cedar, bouquets of hollyhocks and pinks, with now and then a bunch of sweet "Mission roses" garnished them and over all the new old flag floated.

The tables were laden with viands prepared by women who were adepts in cookery, as well as in flag-making, and table adornment. The patriotic feast made a showing of woman's industry, skill, taste and hospitality that shines as a bright memory picture through 46 intervening years.

In pioneer times, as now, woman was a silent element in politics, but then, as now, individual women were strong partisans and ready, upon occasion, to give a reason for the faith that was within them—not publicly, but with an energy in neighborly discussions, and especially when stirring to influence the "men folks" of their own families who did the voting, that bespoke their deep convictions of duty to the state.

It is recalled that when, in 1853, General Joseph Lane and Hon. Alonzo A. Sumner were, in common parlance, "stumping the Territory for Congress," women became so imbued with the spirit of partisanism which is often to this day mistaken for patriotism, that they courageously determined to attend the speaking of the rival candidates, at the Courthouse in La Fayette.

I speak of this town from personal

...a tall, athletic woman,
With long and streaming hair,
Going out against the redskins,
To save a fleeing son.
And with her strong hand grasp
Her husband's trusty gun.

Thus sang a local pioneer po
of a pioneer mother, some yea

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heroic woman kept the foe at
her rifle, until succor came, a
the narrator in verse:

And there on guard we found th
When four long days had fled,
Half-crazed with sleepless watch
And sorrow for the dead.
And still that faithful mother,
When we came, a saving band,
Stood by the open doorway,
With the rifle in her hand.

Truly, borrowing from Mac
might say:

Of all the deeds of daring done
In the gallant days of yore,
A braver feat of arms than th
Was never seen before.

Led in Hospitality.

Woman in pioneer times led t
this connection, I recall, with
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Jone E., wife of Captain A. F
during the cream of pioneer y
dents of Clackamas County. Sh
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ever known. Married when v
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pioneer girls; the mother of 1
energetic in community works
found time to entertain hospi
feed royally every one who ca
door of her rambling, weather-
farmhouse, which stood, and st
for what I know, on the hill a
of Oregon City. She died some
ago, but her memory will long
in the hearts of many who c
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joyed the bounty of her hospita

Contemporaneous with Mrs. H
like her "given to hospitality,"
sisters-in-law—Martha A. and
Barlow. Both still survive, th
being the gentle, genial mistre
commodious farmhouse near
station, that has been her home
ly half a century.

I recall, in connection with
handed hospitality of these Bar
the fact that, during a spasm,
be so termed, of religious fervo
perhaps two or three years, a

ance caused quite as much terror as surprise. Upon being asked if he was a man, the creature replied with an affirmative nod. He also signified in the same manner that he could write. A pencil was given to him, but he could not use it, his hands were so deformed. Ashes were then placed on the ground in front of him, when the man-dog, leaning over, traced in them five characters indicating his name and country.

Investigation showed that he had been stolen, imprisoned for years, and subjected to long tortures. His master, who was condemned to death, testified during the trial that barely one in five failed to endure the process of skin-changing. He practiced it according to a traditional and doubtless old formula.

The Chinese have another still more horrible method of monster-making. They know how to graft a child on an adult in imitation of natural teratology. The operation is on the same principle as that of skin-grafting. The circulatory systems are brought into close contact by means of deep wounds. According to a note of Consul Cinatti, the Chinese are skillful in performing such experiments on animals. They delight in giving chickens the feet of ducks, and in putting cocks' combs on the heads of ducks.

Making Buddhas.

Darkness alone, it seems, is sufficient to make a curious specimen of a child, especially if a certain kind of food is given to it, and its vocal cords are made useless. A living Buddha was made in this way, and exhibited by the bonzes to their congregations. This child, after years passed in absolute darkness, had become as white as wax. He had been obliged to remain motionless in the posture of Buddha until his muscles had become rigid. No one had ever spoken to him, and he had grown in his cellar as a fungus would have done. Brought out to the light, this mute, blinking, living statue was eagerly worshiped by the credulous.

At Shanghai, shortly after the opening of the port, there was on exhibition a monster whose enormous head, with its long hair and mustache, was that of a person of 30, while the body was as small as that of a child of 2. This marvelous result had been obtained by placing the victim, when a child, in a jar, from which the head alone protruded. This grew abnormally large, while the body remained stationary in its narrow prison-house.

Wouldn't Give a Cent.

A Northwestern Senator has a daughter, the youngest of three, whose sayings are often repeated among her relatives. The three girls were once preparing a pres-

house in La Fayette.

I speak of this town from personal knowledge of it at the time, and submit, on testimony readily obtainable, that it was a representative community of a formative era in our state, though its present sleepy, run-down appearance does not support the statement. The flutter in feminine circles was greater than that proverbially ascribed to the organization of a sewing society, or the getting up of a minister's donation party. The town was canvassed to learn "who would go," with results (in promises) quite satisfactory to the leading spirits of this feverish desire on the part of women to "break into politics," but, alas! when the momentous occasion arrived, but two women found courage to enter the old Courthouse and take seats therein, and it is recalled that, discovering these toward the close of a violent political and personal harangue, the gallant General Lane apologized for any words unsuited to ears polite that might have escaped his lips while in ignorance of the presence of "the ladies."

It may be added that an apology was due, as politicians of this period were not always as choice of words as decency would dictate. It is claimed by those who profess to have special knowledge upon the subject that the intrusion, as some would say—the introduction, as others have it—of women into political gatherings, which occurred to a greater or less extent throughout Oregon Territory in the campaign to which reference is made, inaugurated a system of political discussion in which decency has never since been forgotten in the excitement of political controversy.

Desire for Knowledge.

Of this your chronicler does not presume in this place to speak, she being content with recording the first public introduction, so far as she is aware, of women into politics in Oregon, and with adding that, though there was no expression of a desire to vote heard among pioneer women, the sincerity of their desire for knowledge of political questions then literally convulsing the infant territory, already upon the verge of statehood, is unquestioned.

And when later the echoes of civil war came booming across the continent, when "flag-raising" became a feature of community life, and appeal for sanitary supplies for the unready host called to the defense of the Union followed, the women of Oregon, true to their patriotic blood and impulses, responded with an energy and readiness which proved that the isolation of pioneer life had not separated them from the Nation's heart.

In the educational work of the pioneer

be so termed, of religious fervor, lasting perhaps two or three years, and including some half dozen families, the multitude was veritably and substantially fed, on alternate Sundays, after "service," from tables arranged around three sides of the capacious farmyard barns. All who attended "meeting" were invited, at the close of Brother McCarty's impassioned appeal to "repent, believe and be baptized," to go to the tables (services being also held in the barns), and "help themselves."

Four families, so far as my memory serves, joined in this quaint combination of the religious and the hospitable—the two already mentioned, a family named Huffman, whose home was near Aurora, and William Elliott and wife, of Elliott Prairie. Recalling the scene, the amount of food cooked and dispensed by these hospitable folk upon these occasions impresses me as having been enormous, and yet the women who were chief cooks and caterers displayed an untiring zeal in the welfare of their numerous guests, and a cheerfulness in serving them that bore the stamp of hospitality of a type that belonged exclusively to pioneer days and has vanished with the "free dinner" set out in the grove by patriotic women on the Fourth of July.

Pioneer Farmers' Wives.

Patient toilers of pioneer days! What shall I say of their lonely, isolated lives, into which the coming of the chance or expected visitor was an event; of the lives of weariness that were effaced by smiles of welcome; of the genuine interest displayed in the smallest scrap of news from the world outside, as room was made for another, or yet another plate at table? Dear, faithful types of a vanished era, may the blessings of the hungry, fed royally at your rude tables, and of the weary for whom the "best bed" was cheerfully vacated, or the improvised "shakedown" was carefully spread, be with you, wheresoever in God's great universe you are today!

Your station in pioneer life was a lowly one, but, filling it with womanly devotion to duty, you cast around it the halo of an abiding tenderness and surrounded it with the incense of the most tender and gracious memory.

CATHARINE A. COBURN.

Ever the Same Are We.

'Tis far, far cry from the Minute Men
And times of the buff and blue
To the days of the withering Jorgensen
The hands that hold it true.
'Tis far, far cry from Lexington
To the isles of the China sea,

victim, when a child, in a jar, from which the head alone protruded. This grew abnormally large, while the body remained stationary in its narrow prison-house.

Wouldn't Give a Cent.

A Northwestern Senator has a daughter, the youngest of three, whose sayings are often repeated among her relatives. The three girls were once preparing a present for a cousin who was about to be married. The Senator, who was away from home, promised them $2 each, and, in the meantime, their mother advanced the money to buy the materials for the present. The latter was worked by the two larger girls and by them carried to the bride.

When the invitations were issued, little Daisy was included, but she considered herself, in some degree, overlooked at the wedding. So, when their father's letter arrived, she refused to surrender any of her money to pay for the wedding present. Her mother reasoned with her in vain.

"No," said Daisy, "empty-handed I went to the wedding, and empty-stomached I returned, and not one cent will I give."

Query.

Is the law of compensation accountable for this?
That the lover who till midnight used to stay
To court his girl should, after they've been joined in wedded bliss,
Invariably till midnight stay away?

—Philadelphia Press.

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In the educational work of the pioneer era woman's station was sharply defined. Leaving the history of the missions, in which the names of Narcissa Whitman, Mary A. Walker, Maria Pitman, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Spaulding and half a score of others stand for good words and works in their special lines, I will revert to the work, as a pioneer in the founding of an educational institution, of Mrs. Tabitha Brown, who away back in the '40s opened a boarding-school for children in Forest Grove, which became the stepping-stone to Pacific University. This woman's station in pioneer life is one of honor, energy and devotion to duty, as she saw it, and to this extent she is a typical woman of her era. Dying about 1860, at an advanced age, her memory is still honored in the community of which for many years she was a leading factor, and by the institution the corner-stone of which she helped to lay. A colaborer with Harvey Clark, Horace Lyman and S. H. Marsh, she supplemented their endeavor in woman's ways, after having done yeoman's service in foundation-building.

Later in the field, and working in parallel but totally dissimilar lines, was the wife of Professor J. M. Keeler, who was a social leader in the little academic town of Forest Grove in early days, as well as preceptress of Tualatin Academy and supervisor of the home boarding-house, in which the young girls of a primitive era were taught table and society "manners."

Types of Educators.

These women are mentioned as types merely of a class of early educators and workers in the educational field, members of which came in with the establishment of missions at Salem, and were increased by each successive immigration from the "states." The chronicler who shall gather these names, with an incident in the life of each woman represented by them, will be entitled to the gratitude of posterity for preserving what would else be the unwritten history of a formative age. Such recital will possess the peculiar quaintness of folk-lore, the illustrations of which are drawn from the mystic picture gallery of memory—a chamber of daily dimming shadows.

As actors in the drama of heroism, women in pioneer life make a striking presentment. Whether bidding good-bye and godspeed to the husband as he answered the call for volunteers to suppress an Indian outbreak that threatened frontier homes; going out to meet the slow caravan of returning comrades who bore her mutilated dead to her door; feeding a band of Indians, sullen and fierce, from her storehouse against her husband's return from the field, the menacing intruders sharpening their knives upon the grindstone in the dooryard in the intervals of eating; or, under the shadow of expected maternity, creeping through bushes and down to the waiting boat, closely followed by her husband, rifle in hand, seeking safety in the blockhouse—the pioneer woman is the same heroic figure—the same brave, enduring, uncomplaining personality.

I'm sure we've seen no picture
In the volumes anywhere
Of a tall, athetic woman,
With long and streaming hair,
Going out against the redskins,
To save a fleeing son,
And with her strong hand grasping
Her husband's trusty gun.

Thus sang a local pioneer poet, the son of a pioneer mother, some years ago.

Yet a tragic tale of the border might

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Ever the Same Are We.

'Tis far, far cry from the Minute Men
And times of the buff and blue
To the days of the withering Jorgensen
The hands that hold it true.
'Tis far, far cry from Lexington
To the isles of the China sea,
But ever the same, the man and the gun—
Ever the same are we.

For the blood of the sires at Bunker Hill,
Through countless fierce campaigns,
Is as red and eager in peril still
In the depths of the children's veins,
And the heart and the eye support the hand,
No matter what odds there be—
Ever the same, thy sons, O land,
Ever the same are we.

Not a Valley Forge, nor a Wilderness,
Nor a hail of a Cuban steel,
Can take one jot from our fearlessness,
Who daily thy honor keep.
We carry the flag through varying scenes,
From the sign of the old pine tree
To the Stars and Stripes of the Philippines—
Ever the same are we.

And the lad with the fresh unshaded mouth
Fights as his fathers fought,
And the man from the North and the man from the South,
Do as their fathers wrought.
And whether from city or town we come
We answer the call with glee—
We heroes upspring at the beat of the drum—
Ever the same are we.

—Boston Transcript.

PIONEER DAYS

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SHE ONCE LIV

Thus Declares a Young Ge Also Marie Antoinet Underg

The story of a woman now alt this earth, who pretends to have lived on the planet Mars, and, cen ago, to have lived in India, is the of a strange volume just issued by per & Brothers—probably the mo markable book in its field that has been written.

The scientist who wrote it would been burned as a sorcerer 200 year It could not have been issued 50 ago by such a man. The scientific a would have been completely discr if he had published it a quarter of tury ago. But today this remarkab count of the mediumistic qualities young girl in Geneva, Switzerland, reincarnation from an Indian Pri burned alive in 1601, as well as Marie Antoinette, beheaded 1793 a Court of France, onto her spir journeyings to the planet Mars—a served and noted by Professor Flou professor of psychology at the U sity of Geneva, during a period of years—makes a marvelous tale of mingled romances, based on careft servation.

One should not make the mistake lieving that "From India to the Mars" is a book proving the exi of "spiritism"—the presence of d bodied spirits on this earth who municate with their living friends. It is not. Nor, indeed, is it a tr disproving the reality of spirits, or attempting to do so. It is a ca painstaking report of an extraord medium, with certain practical c sions. Professor Flournoy, the a

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Yet a tragic tale of the border might be thus truly illustrated. The husband and eldest son were set upon and killed by Indians while on the range. A younger son, the shepherd boy, took alarm and, fleeing toward home, pursued by the savages, was met and escorted in safety to the "inch-board shanty," where the heroic woman kept the foe at bay with her rifle, until succor came, as told by the narrator in verse:

And there on guard we found them,
When four long days had fled,
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And still that faithful mother,
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In the gallant days of yore,
A braver feat of arms than this,
Was never seen before.

Led in Hospitality.

Woman in pioneer times led the van. In this connection, I recall, with a glow of admiration and tenderness, the life of Jone E., wife of Captain A. F. Hedges, during the cream of pioneer years, residents of Clackamas County. She was one of the most thoroughly competent and genuinely hospitable women whom I have ever known. Married when very young —16 or thereabouts—after the manner of pioneer girls; the mother of 12 children, energetic in community works, she yet found time to entertain hospitably and feed royally every one who came to the door of her rambling, weather-beaten old farmhouse, which stood, and still stands, for what I know, on the hill a mile east of Oregon City. She died some two years ago, but her memory will long be green in the hearts of many who caught the contagion of her cheerful spirit and enjoyed the bounty of her hospitable home.

Contemporaneous with Mrs. Hedges, and like her "given to hospitality," were her sisters-in-law—Martha A. and Rebecca Barlow. Both still survive, the former being the gentle, genial mistress of the commodious farmhouse near Barlow's station, that has been her home for nearly half a century.

I recall, in connection with the open-

disproving the reality of spirits, or even attempting to do so. It is a careful, painstaking report of an extraordinary medium, with certain practical conclusions. Professor Flournoy, the author, sums up his view of the case by saying that he has two methods always in mind.

His Two Methods.

1. All things are possible; that is, do not fear to believe or to consider certain observed facts, no matter how strange they may be. And 2. The weight of evidence should be proportioned to the strangeness of the facts; that is, when you observe something very remarkable, that appears to break natural laws, observe it carefully, but do not accept it until the proof is as remarkable, as clearly creditable as the observed fact is strange.

It appears that there lives in Geneva today a young woman who, for obvious reasons, Professor Flournoy calls Mlle. Helene "Smith"—a young woman supporting herself by her own energies as a clerk in a mercantile establishment—a young woman known to many famous scientists, vouchsafed for by them, an attractive, well-bred girl of the people, perfectly normal in all her life, except when she is in a hypnotic state.

In 1893 M. Flournoy's attention was called to this girl because of certain mediumistic qualities which she was said to possess. He met her, talked with her, became interested in her, and from that day to the present time, he has been present at her house, at his own home, and elsewhere during a large number of seances, which occurred sometimes daily, sometimes semi-weekly, but never separated by more than a fortnight. Most of the qualities of a medium were exhibited by Mlle Smith, table-tippings, table-rappings, communications from so-called spirits, especially from the spirit of a man who calls himself Leopold, and who says he is Joseph Balsamo, the famous Cagliostro. But all this claptrap Professor Flournoy, while, of course, taking account of, does not find remarkable.

Three "Romances."

But—and here is the great point—the young girl has during these six years developed three absolutely distinct "romances," or cycles, which, like a continued story, run on from seance to seance,

partisanism which is often to this day
istaken for patriotism, that they cour-
eously determined to attend the speak-
g of the rival candidates, at the Court-
use in La Fayette.

I speak of this town from personal
owledge of it at the time, and submit,
testimony readily obtainable, that it
is a representative community of a for-
ative era in our state, though its pres-
t sleepy, run-down appearance does not
pport the statement. The flutter in
minine circles was greater than that
proverbially ascribed to the organization
a sewing society, or the getting up of
minister's donation party. The town
as canvassed to learn "who would go,"
th results (in promises) quite satisfac-
y to the leading spirits of this feverish
sire on the part of women to "break
o politics," but, alas! when the mo-
ntous occasion arrived, but two wom-
found courage to enter the old Court-
use and take seats therein, and it is
called that, discovering these toward
close of a violent political and person-
harangue, the gallant General Lane
ologized for any words unsuited to ears
lite that might have escaped his lips
ile in ignorance of the presence of
ne ladies."

t may be added that an apology was
e, as politicians of this period were not
ways as choice of words as decency
uld dictate. It is claimed by those
o profess to have special knowledge
on the subject that the intrusion, as
ne would say—the introduction, as oth-
have it—of women into political gath-
ngs, which occurred to a greater or
s extent throughout Oregon Territory
the campaign to which reference is
de, inaugurated a system of political
cussion in which decency has never
ce been forgotten in the excitement
political controversy.

Desire for Knowledge.

f this your chronicler does not pre-
ne in this place to speak, she being
ntent with recording the first public
roduction, so far as she is aware, of
men into politics in Oregon, and with
ling that, though there was no ex-
ression of a desire to vote heard among
neer women, the sincerity of their de-
e for knowledge of political questions
n literally convulsing the infant terri-
y, already upon the verge of state-
d, is unquestioned.

nd when later the echoes of civil war
ne booming across the continent, when
ig-raising" became a feature of com-
nity life, and appeal for sanitary sup-
s for the unready host called to the
ly half a century.

I recall, in connection with the open-handed hospitality of these Barlow homes the fact that, during a spasm, if it may be so termed, of religious fervor, lasting perhaps two or three years, and including some half dozen families, the multitude was veritably and substantially fed, on alternate Sundays, after "service," from tables arranged around three sides of the capacious farmyard barns. All who attended "meeting" were invited, at the close of Brother McCarty's impassioned appeal to "repent, believe and be baptized," to go to the tables (services being also held in the barns), and "help themselves."

Four families, so far as my memory serves, joined in this quaint combination of the religious and the hospitable—the two already mentioned, a family named Huffman, whose home was near Aurora, and William Elliott and wife, of Elliott Prairie. Recalling the scene, the amount of food cooked and dispensed by these hospitable folk upon these occasions impresses me as having been enormous, and yet the women who were chief cooks and caterers displayed an untiring zeal in the welfare of their numerous guests, and a cheerfulness in serving them that bore the stamp of hospitality of a type that belonged exclusively to pioneer days and has vanished with the "free dinner" set out in the grove by patriotic women on the Fourth of July.

Pioneer Farmers' Wives.

Patient toilers of pioneer days! What shall I say of their lonely, isolated lives, into which the coming of the chance or expected visitor was an event; of the lives of weariness that were effaced by smiles of welcome; of the genuine interest displayed in the smallest scrap of news from the world outside, as room was made for another, or yet another plate at table? Dear, faithful types of a vanished era, may the blessings of the hungry, fed royally at your rude tables, and of the weary for whom the "best bed" was cheerfully vacated, or the improvised "shakedown" was carefully spread, be with you, wheresoever in God's great universe you are today!

Your station in pioneer life was a lowly one, but, filling it with womanly devotion to duty, you cast around it the halo of an abiding tenderness and surrounded it with the incense of the most tender and gracious memory.

CATHARINE A. COBURN.

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inances," or cycles, which,
ued story, run on from seanc
carrying forward the histo
women. And Mlle. Smith c
self the reincarnated soul
these, and herself the third
all so distinct, accompanied
markable characteristics, tha
limits of a short review th
roughly outlined.

First and foremost Mlle. S
that she was once an Indi
married to an Indian Prince
in a town in Southern India
1401. When in trances, she
quently, in a strange and u
guage; told of scenes, deseri
and customs minutely and to
the fortress in which she liv
ated. Professor Flournoy th
finding if this information
or merely the work of a
imagination.

First, having copied the w
strange language, he consulte
and authorities on early Ind
and found that the girl w
talking Sanskrit—this girl, bo
at the end of the 19th centu
only, it is claimed, knew not
guages, excepting French,
what little study she had be
give them while in the public
situation and name of the
the Indian Prince, however, s
inary. For the authorities c
that no such place or prince
although they confessed that
of Southern India in the 14th
turies was very hazy and un

This did not satisfy M. F
began an examination of lib
what histories there were
India, and one day he came
tory by a writer named de
published his book in 1825. In
he found an account of the In
discovered also that he had
wife, had lived in such a f
and was burned on the funer
this wife alive, precisely as
had described in her "roma

Did She See the Bo

Is it true that Mlle Smith
carnated Princess? So say
ists. Or is it true that in
Mlle. Smith, in her early yo
de Maries' book, or has bee
and in her trances is weaving
tale about this historic fact
M. Flourney, but he cannot
out.

In the midst of this Hind

Find a Grave

Photo added by Bob Speckman

Added by Bob Speckman

Added by BluMoKitty

Catherine Amanda "Kate" *Scott* Coburn

BIRTH	30 Nov 1839 Groveland, Tazewell County, Illinois, USA
DEATH	27 May 1913 (aged 73) Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon, USA
BURIAL	River View Cemetery Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon, USA
PLOT	Sec 09, Lot 55, Grave 9
MEMORIAL ID	93232544

Catherine was the sixth of twelve children of John Tucker and Ann (Roelofson) Scott, early emigrants who set out on the Oregon Trail in 1852.

At the early age of 17 Kate, as she was known, became the wife of John R. Coburn who died 11 years later leaving her with four small daughters between the ages of two and eight. Her first effort to support her family was in the public school in Canemah where she taught for 4 years. Then she took charge of the Forest Grove School for 2 years.

In 1874 she entered upon her editorial career as associate with her sister Abigail Scott Duniway editor and publisher of the New Northwest. At the close of 5 years, she took charge of the Portland Daily Bee.

In 1880 she became editor of the Evening Telegram and in 1888 she was transferred to the editorial staff of the Daily Oregonian where her brother Harvey Scott was the editor in chief.

ref: Partially adapted from: The Souvenir of Western Women by Mary Osborn Douthit 1905 and other records.

The four children of John and Kate Coburn were:

Ada E. (Albert S. Hawkins)
Agnes E. "Aggie" (Allan B. Slauson)
Camilla Marie "Milly" (Augustus "Gus" Pillsbury)
Kate Lenora (John J. Sellwood)

Family Members

Parents

John Tucker Scott
1809–1880

Ann *Roelofson* Scott
1811–1852

Spouse

John Read Coburn
1830–1868 (m. (married) 1857)